

This is that bread which
cometh down from heaven.
—John 6, 50.

SOUL FOOD.

Lord evermore give us this
bread.—John 6, 34.

"Man Shall Not Live by Bread Alone but by Every Word that Proceedeth out of the Mouth of God."

VOL. 3.

UPLAND, INDIANA, JULY, 1899.

NO. 2.

WHO WROTE THEM?

Here are some soul inspiring verses that were sent to us by a devoted Christian woman in Thornburg, Canada. She says she picked up the paper that contained them in the road more than ten years ago. They proved a great blessing to her and may be the means of helping many others.

"I WILL KEEP THEE."

"A GEM OF ANTIQUITY."

Thus, said Jesus, I will keep
In safety, my defenceless sheep;
From sin and endless misery;
Sinking soul—I will keep thee.

SOUL.

Lord, I believe Thy word is sure.
But I am ignorant and poor,
My goodness reaches not to Thee,
For mercy's sake wilt thou help me?

JESUS.

I passed by the rich and brave,
Thee, needy soul, I came to save;
The poor in spirit blessed be,
Oh! trust me then, I will help thee.

SOUL.

But Lord I have a deeper wound:
An evil heart within I've found,
My nature's enmity with thee,
Offended King! wilt thou keep me?

JESUS.

Of old thy evil I beheld,
Yet was with love and pity filled,
I, therefore, died to set thee free,
For my own sake I will keep thee.

SOUL.

True, I have proved Thy power,
my God,
And felt Thy efficacious blood,
But sin remains, though it I flee,
Wilt thou preserve backsliding me?

JESUS.

Before I wrought upon thy will
I knew how treacherous thou
wouldst deal,
I did thy base transgression see,
And yet resolved I would keep thee;
But thou shalt conqueror be at length,
Till then I will renew thy strength,
Sin shall not have the victory,
Only believe—I will keep thee.

SOUL.

Permit me once again to speak—
Sometimes Thy face in tears I seek,
And oft a gloomy veil I see,

Canst Thou be wrath and yet
keep me.

JESUS.

Let then this answer thee suffice,
In anger I do not chastise,
More fervent be thy cry, thy plea,
And, as I live, I will keep thee;
But if thou dost forsake thy God,
Then will I visit with the rod,
I may correct to a degree,
Nevertheless, I will keep thee.

FAITH HEALING.

I have been asked for an opinion about "faith healing" and it has occurred to me that possibly it might not be amiss to give the opinion through the medium of SOUL FOOD. It is a subject in which many people are interested. My opinion is then first that no human being can by his faith heal another individual. Physical healing and the pardon of sins go together and as God alone can forgive sins he only can perform miracles of healing. Hence all self-styled faith-healers are frauds. But it is also my opinion that God can heal the body, if it pleases him to do it, as easily and completely as he ever did. Hence I think we should pray for restoration to health the same as we pray for our daily bread. I am sorry that the custom does not still prevail of calling the elders of the church to the sick room and having them pray with the sick brother and anoint him with oil. It would work great indirect good. In the first place it would insure the church a board of praying elders, a thing which she does not always possess as it is. Then, it would prove a means of grace to these praying elders to go and pray with the sick and it would be a spectacle of loving sympathy that would exert a mighty influence for good on those who behold it. But, directly, it would be the means of stimulating the faith of the sick person and causing him to accept Christ as his Healer. But what of the doctor and of drugs? My opinion is that when we send for the elders of the church we should also send for the doctor. How appropriate to have a good Christian doctor and some good praying elders at the sick bed together. And the anointing with oil and the administration of healing drugs should be simultaneous. Paul says, "we are workers together

with God." That is, we work to the same end and at the same time. We help God a little while he gives to us his infinite help. He could not be pleased if we were to lie supine and making no effort to help ourselves were just to cry to him for help. We should do our best according to our wisdom and strength; we should interest our physician to do his best according to his wisdom and strength and then we should pray and believe in God to do by his infinite wisdom what neither we nor our physician can do. It seems strange to me that as soon as some people get sick they lay aside all the judgement and common sense they had when they were well. When they were well and wanted to raise a crop they plowed the ground and fertilized it and planted and tended the grain, then, if they were Christians they prayed to the God of seed-time and harvest to send the rain in season and mix the cold and heat in such proportion as to cause the seed to germinate and grow. Why do they not act on the same principle in reference to sickness—*do all they know*, while at the same time they pray to God to do what they do not know? Then let us call upon the doctor and the nurse to help us perform the proper human functions and call upon the preacher and the elders to aid us in securing the divine functions. We are all laborers together with God; the sick and the well; the preachers, the doctors, the nurses, the elders and all. Will the eye say to the ear I have no need of thee? Will the sick man say to the doctor, "I have no need of thee?" Will the invalid say to the nurse, "I have no need of thee?" Will the head say to the feet, "I have no need of you, God can carry me about on the air or send his angels to carry me, I have no need of you?" Will the sick man say of the drugs, "I have no need of you?" or the hungry man to the food "I have no need of you? No, all these creatures of God are good but we must receive them as God's gift to us and be thankful and at the same time call upon him to work for us and with us because we are so weak and ignorant that our best laid plans must otherwise fail.

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Subscription price, 20 cents a year, payable in advance.

Advertisements of 50 words or more, one cent a word. Special rates for displayed ads. given on application.

Entered at the Postoffice at Upland, Indiana, as second-class matter.

All communications should be addressed to Rev. T. C. Reade, D. D., Upland, Indiana.

UPLAND, IND., JULY, 1899.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

"But," the preacher continued, "my feelings today are not feelings of bitterness but of sadness, I am full of inexpressible sorrow that this great church which was so full of fervent zeal and holy love, this church whose sole mission was to spread scriptural holiness throughout these lands, this church which gave such glowing promise of enlightening and saving the world should so soon have 'left its first love.' Alas, the pure gold has grown dim. Already above the shining name 'Methodism' they are writing the hateful word 'Ichabod' for her glory is departed. I have recently read the biography of one of the pioneer Methodist preachers, and my soul was touched and inspired to the loftiest purpose as I learned how these noble men swam the rivers and slept in the forests while they rode about from place to place to preach the gospel to the scattered inhabitants of the wilderness. With a hymn-book and a Bible and a few other good books in their saddle-bags they contrived to make themselves reasonably good theologians and many of them were giants in the pulpit. They were not troubled with any higher criticism notions; they would as soon have thought of doubting their father's veracity or their mother's purity, they would as soon have been caught digging out the foundations of the house in which they lived as doubting or disputing the divine authenticity of the Bible. These men sacrificed too much for the

gospel not to believe it. When a man preaches the gospel for \$100 a year and takes his pay largely in coon-skins and slippery-elm bark, you may be sure he believes what he preaches. It remains for those who grow fat in gospel livings, who live in elegantly furnished parsonages and who receive salaries varying from fifteen hundred to three or four thousand dollars a year to discover that the Bible which was the word of God to their fathers and mothers is, after all, only a man made book and full of errors. In the days of these grand old preachers they always had revivals; the church always grew and they didn't keep the apologists busy explaining how it happened that there was a parent decline and falling off in membership and piety in so many places. I cannot forbear reading to you some verses which I met with in a newspaper; they were written as a tribute to

THE METHODIST PIONEER PREACHERS.

Gone are the Fathers—gone to rest;
Their mighty work of faith is done,
Their conflict past and glory won;
Green be their graves, their memories blest.

God called; his voice was in their heart;
"What ye have seen, what ye have heard,
With haste to dying men impart;
Go preach the soul-renewing word."

They tarried not for storm nor flood;
Their hearts were filled with strong desire,
And touched with apostolic fire,
To tell the world of Jesus' blood.

All worldly good they counted loss;
They hasted on with eager hand,
To plant the standard of the cross
On the far out-posts of the land.

Strong in the strength of Israel's God,
A giant race of saints were they;
Mid savage men and beasts of prey
Alone the wilderness they trod.

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"The path to heaven has shorter grown
Since those we love have gone to God."

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THE ELDER BROTHER.

[CONTINUED FROM 2ND PAGE.]

Yet not alone for where they
went
God's cloudy pillar walled them
round,
And where at eve they pitched
their tent
God's angels made their camping
ground.
They speak, and lo, the desert
place
Blooms at the magic of their
voice.
The sorrowing hearts of men re-
joice
To hear of God's redeeming grace.
Gone are the fathers; gone, and
yet
They live in these unfolding
years;
Let not the harvester forget
Who ploughed in fire and sowed
in tears.
A race of strong, God-fearing
men,
Mighty in prayer, aglow with
zeal,
We mourn them most because we
feel
We ne'er shall see their like
again.

Let us hope and pray that this grand church may see the pit of lethargy and formality and worldliness into which she is falling, and repent and return to the old safe path of holiness and self-denial." This was the substance of what the preacher said of the Methodist Conference which had been the occasion of suggesting his text. He then went on to point out certain signs of backsliding in his own church, especially in the local society to which he ministered and closed the service with a powerful appeal to the people to arouse and retrace their steps and a fervent prayer that God would revive his work and turn back the tide of iniquity that was rolling in upon the earth. The service was very impressive and many went away from that plain sermon to weep in secret and to pray. Mr. Ludwig tarried a few minutes and Aunt Hannah introduced him to the preacher, George Hopkins. Mr. Ludwig shook Brother Hop-

kins' hand fervently and thanked him for the *honest, earnest* sermon of the morning. He said but little more but showed such agitation in his voice and look that it could easily be divined that great thoughts and mighty emotions were heaving and swelling in his soul. Mr. Hopkins seemed a little confused when he found that he had had a Methodist preacher for an auditor but he soon rallied and turning his honest face and great, blue earnest eyes upon Henry he said, "Mr. Ludwig, I am glad thee was here this morning," then, hesitating a moment he added, "I am glad I did not know thee was here." Two earnest men had met that morning; the one had convictions thoroughly formulated and pronounced and they dominated his life and gave character to his sermons, the other had like convictions but hitherto they had been stifled, parried, put into strait-jacket and shut up in the iron cell of the soul: now they were set free and from henceforth asserted their power to rule and transform. All unexpectedly a crisis came in the life of Henry Ludwig. He heard a voice that called him to a new and nobler way of living; he saw the holy Nazarene plodding up and down the stony ways of Palestine and saying "the foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," and he remembered the scripture, "if any man hath not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." "Have I the spirit of Christ when I seek the best places and should be very complaining and unhappy if I did not get them? Have I the spirit of Christ when I can deliberately consent that my brethren should scheme and pull wires to make me presiding elder and then feel so mortified and humiliated when I do not get the office? Have I the spirit of Christ when I am so anxious about my own salary and about large congregations and large salaries and so negligent of the real, spiritual condition of my people? My people are exceedingly worldly; churchly to be sure but not Christly; and am I not the same?" Such thoughts as these kept pressing in upon Mr. Ludwig's mind until he became thoroughly wretched; he could not eat and all through that Sabbath night he tossed uneasy on his bed; several times he arose and knelt for a few moments in prayer. His wife noticed his agitation but supposed it had grown out of his disappointment about the presiding eldership. She thought he was having a battle with himself to become reconciled to the present situation and so like the wise, good wife that she was, she prayed for him in whispers to God but to him she said nothing. Aunt Hannah too had observed Henry's agitation and bitterness of soul but she had rightly divined the cause. She had long felt that Henry was drifting with the tide of worldliness that was bearing his people farther and farther from Christ. She knew that Henry ministered to a church that was rich, selfish and formal; a church that in its stilted attitude of ease and elegance and social prestige was wholly out of sympathy with the great masses of struggling bread winners around them; and she knew, and confessed the truth with sorrow, that this church had a very formal, ambitious, worldly minister to preach to them. But she remembered a time when Henry was quite different. She remembered when the glow of his first-love for Christ was upon him; when his humility and zeal were such that he went anywhere to seek and save the lost. In his early ministry he had been a real fire-brand and wherever he went a religious conflagration resulted. But he had cooled off and most people said it was the natural result of increasing years—"less zeal but more judgement," they said, "less fire but more force," "fewer conversions but more building-up and establishing of the church." But Aunt Hannah knew better; she knew that zeal ought to grow the same as any other Christian grace and as Christians come better to understand and more fully to appreciate their religion the more anxious will they become that others shall enjoy its blessings. She knew that Henry had backslidden in heart and she had never ceased to pray for his quickening; now that she saw his mental struggles she rejoiced because she believed that the Holy Ghost was dealing with him.

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HONEY FROM THE ROCK.

A SURPRISE.

Here are some verses written by a friend of ours, a most estimable Christian lady. We have known her for more than a quarter of a century but never knew that she wrote verses until she sent us the following. Some of the lines, you will observe are exquisitely touching and beautiful.

THE BORDER LAND.

BY MRS. ESTHER S. GLEASON,
O nightless day! O, day of God;
Rise on this heart of mine,
O day, whose sun shall never set
O endless day, divine,
Tides of eternity, that roll,
Into the bays of land locked time;
Billows of bliss, from the Jasper
sea

Voicing, its holy joys sublime.
A day whose sun has ne'er gone
down,
A light unknown on sea, or shore;
Wrapped in the undimmed, smile
of God,
'Tis victory e'er the fight is o'er,
It's law, the perfect will of God,
A trust that worships while it
leans,
As faith's clear vision, sees be-
yond,
And questions not, of ways or
means.

TO SERVE.—Who does not love to rule? Look how people have fought for thrones and crowns. And where people cannot hope for such exalted places they still strive in some small way to exercise authority over their fellowmen. People seem to think the greatest excellence is in ruling, but Jesus teaches that it is greater to serve than to rule. He came not to be ministered unto but to minister. I see him washing his disciples' feet and as I behold his humble posture and think of the menial task I say, surely, to serve others must be the greatest thing in the world. The Son of God was the servant of men.

AS I PLEASE.—A young man said in my presence a few days ago, "I will do just as I please," and he drew himself up to his full height and stood erect and proud. O, how haughty he felt. He could have his own way; no one could prevent him on that

particular occasion; he was master of the situation: he was able to do just as he pleased. I looked in the face of this young man; I saw that he was greatly delighted with himself and then I thought of another face, the fairest among thousands, the one altogether lovely. Of Jesus it was written, "he pleased not himself." He never said, "I will do just as I please." His whole life was a study to please others. Had he been pleasing himself he would have been dressed in gay clothing and entertained in palaces but he was pleasing others and hence instead, you see him wearing the one seamless robe of the poor and journeying along the dusty highways to find and heal the blind and the lepers.

TO BE RICH.—A young college graduate was asked, "what is your highest aim, your loftiest ambition?" and he answered, "to be a millionaire." "To this I shall lay all my plans and bend all my energies and I shall die disappointed and chagrined if I do not succeed in my purpose." How many have similar aspirations; they may be much more modest in their desires; they may be aiming only at the acquisition of a few thousands but to do this they are giving all their time and thought and strength. The thought of making others rich has never entered their minds; yet, I think the Bible represents certain most excellent people as "poor, yet making many rich." And was not Christ poor and did he not become poor "that we through his poverty might be rich?"

A PRAYER.

O Lord! that I could waste
my life for others,
With no ends of my own,
That I could pour myself into
my brothers,
And live for them alone!
—Faber.

OF DISPENSATIONS.—We must not suppose that there ever was a time when the Holy Ghost was not in the world. He is God and can no more be limited to time and place than the Father and the Son. He has always been in the world; He has always been in the whole world and no human heart ever yet beat that did not feel the pressure of His touch.

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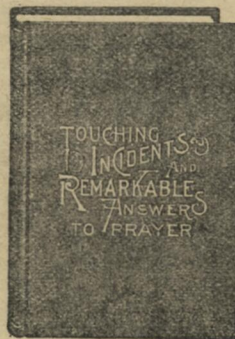
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